

R. HAGGARD NYE.

He Revels in the Sunny North-
west Climate.

Elephant Hunting Near Winnipeg—Afr-
ican Privation Laid Bare—Lion
Shooting Exposed—The Train
Brute Again—Steals Nye's
Overcoat and Disappears
Wearing an Old Lady's
Eye on the End of
His Umbrella.

In the exhilarating Northwest, 1889.

The cold of Minnesota has been greatly exaggerated by rival states and though times the thermometer lowers in the estimation of society, the cold is of such a dry, bracing character as to seem almost oppressively hot to those who are not accustomed to it. The eye sparkles, the step is elastic and rich blood mingles to the nose, as the air exhilarated droska speeds blithely through the palm groves of the thrifty cident.

Many southern people come to St. Paul and Minneapolis, it is said, in order to escape the rigors of their own winter. The banana belt extending from Duluth to Winnipeg reminds one of tropical Africa. Last week Mr. Riley Haggard and I started out for a little, quiet elephant shooting in the country. Bidding farewell to the concierge at the hotel, we packed our heavy express rifles and smooth bore elephant guns, penetrated as far as the sleeping car could convey us, and bidding farewell to our faithful Wan Weng, who carried us both with a whisk broom to the value of twenty scudi, we hired an elephant apiece and began to permeate the jungle, preceded by our trusted bird dog.



NYE AS A LION TAMER.

At the kral or livery stable, where we engaged our elephants, we were told that game was very plenty about thirty miles across the dinglelow and that in a small forest of jingnang trees and hoola bushes quite a covey of quagga and elephants had been scared up by a Boer who had penetrated this jungle accompanied by his brackie or dog.

The first night we camped beneath the shade of a Vienna bread fruit tree on the borders of the Karroo, and, preventing the escape of our trusty elephants by attaching their trunks, we began to prepare our evening meal. I read the directions from a book of African travel and my very faithful comrade, Mr. Riley Haggard, did the cooking.

First refreshing ourselves with a long draught from a gourd of spooju from Peoria, marked 1812, so called because it is placed on the market eighteen hours and forty-two minutes after it is made, our faithful gun-bearer, Ylang Ylang, began to carve the bulitong, Meiboss, and jerked mskrat for the evening meal. Making a bright fire of karroo bushes and fresh train tips, a wad of meales was soon simmering over the coals, while the odor of Cincinnati bulitong pervaded the tropical forest.

Ylang Ylang, our faithful valet, who has made his name a household word because of his search after Schwatka and One Night Stanley, said that according to the books on African exploration it was now time to bed down the elephants. After doing this he returned and proceeded with the cuisine.

We had hotly awaited our supper, when Mr. Riley Haggard was about to climb a date palm to secure a few luscious lecture dates, when our ears were saluted by a most unearthly and ear-piercing roar from the heart of the jungle. At this moment our faithful Ylang Ylang came with eyes sticking out like a sore thumb to announce that our bird dog had flushed a large Abyssinian lion.

Hurriedly putting a little Mayonnaise dressing on our faithful Ylang Ylang we sent him out to parley with the lion while we put on our telegraph clippers, and filling our pockets with bulitong we ascended a Duluth palm tree.



"A HUNTING WE WILL GO."

We had not long to wait! The wang wanga bushes parted and a low, heavy set, performing lion crept softly into the open Karroo, preceded at a distance of about three-quarters of an inch by our faithful Ylang Ylang. As the poor fellow jumped a low Kirdish bush, I heard a crunching sound such as I hope never to hear again, and turned away my head rather than see our trusty gun-bearer in the act of backing into a lion.

As soon as I could regain my courage by a small nip of spooju, I looked back at the sickening spectacle. All was still save the distant song of the red-breasted blin blam in the Kojoos bushes. Suddenly remembering how I had

once seen a lion tamer make a lion quail, I descended from the tree, and taking a small ring-whip with me, I said, "Hi!" and whipping him across the forelegs, in the meantime frequently making the remark "hi," I drove him away from there. Out of the kral, down the slope or dry water-course and across the Karroo lands he sped and so on back to Winnipeg, where he joined his congress of rare wild beasts, as I afterward learned.

Hastily saddling our elephants and snatching them tightly, so that the howdah could not slip around under the stomach of the noble beast, we mounted by way of freight car standing near by and returned across the transvaal whatever that is, and hiring a dilligence, we packed our remaining supply of bulitong, elephant tusks, spooju, penman, elephant blubber, sacred meat, dried yak, Kroolejan, Milwaukee Heidsiek and a gross of hard words from Rider Haggard, and took the cars at Stanley Pool, resolving to penetrate still further into the tropical depths of the Northwest.

I had been told by the real estate men both at St. Paul and Minneapolis that the winter here was ver much like that of Singapore, but I would not have believed it even then if I had not personally tried it.

Yesterday I associated for some time with the champion bete noir. As a bete noir he could give a self-made moral leper thirty points, and still sail out of the game in a blaze of red fire and a cyclone of applause. He was tolerable stout, and when he sat down on my valise and crushed a bottle of Edenia, presented to me by an admirer in Kentucky, I reproached him in measured and well-chosen terms, but he just trotted his embonpoint on the other knee a little while and watched the ever-changing kaleidoscope as it sped past the window.

When the conductor came into the car the bete noir had no ticket, so he tendered the regular fare. The conductor was sorry, but would have to trouble him for ten cents more, as it was paid on the train. The bete noir called me to witness that he tendered the regular fare, and that he would be eternally ostracized, embalmied and fricasseed in the southeast corner of Satan's hottest precinct before he would yield any more. The conductor was a pale, blonde man, who only gets mad every four years, but little facts broke out behind his ears, and a strange light came into his gentle blue eyes.

"Come over here a moment, Shorty," he said to the rear brakeman. "Go and tell Skinny White, on the second day coach, to come back here with you. We've got a large Suffolk in Section II, that we will have to put into a cornfield, I guess. Tell him to bring the ice tongs out of the baggage car."



DINNER A LA CARRE

Then the bete noir tied his legs around the car seat and the train stood still, the engine bell ringing, but two hundred people watching the motion of a man who refused to pay ten cents extra because he had failed to get his ticket at the station.

Shorty and Skinny both came back with a look of determination and gloves that had the fingers cut off. Each spat on his hands and took hold of the dead bete noir. They lifted him a little and Shorty fell over into my lap with a small wisp of the fat man's lingerie in each hand. They both grabbed at him again and took out little handfuls of bristles as one does who tries to pull a reluctant sheep from a scalding barrel on butchering day. At last they lifted him and expelled him along the aisle, from seat to seat, as he took little mementos from the features of law-abiding passengers, who were all getting farther and farther behind time and losing connections because the bete noir wouldn't pay his ten cents.

One man said, "Here! I'll pay the ten cents. Great heavens! I've got to lecture at Tailholt, Indiana, to-morrow, and if I don't get there I lose \$8 and my expenses."

But the passengers said, "No, he must pay it himself. We will assist in hanging him to a dried apple tree, but we will not allow anybody to pay his ten cents for him."

Just as he was falling off the platform into a cattle guard, the bete noir paid his ten cents and remained. The heavy train, twenty minutes late and liable to lose its rights on the road, tried to start up grade. The bete noir with his bristles down his spine column and his wealth of viscera trembling like a jelly roll, stole my paper and took a seat.

That night he snored like the sough of a bath tub, chewed invisible food, put a stocato inflammation at the end of each snore and scared two little motherless children awake with his stentorian recitals. He received a slight testimonial ever and anon, until morning when his berth looked like a boot and shoe store. In the morning he bathed for over an hour, while the rest of the car stood around with draped suspenders, saying things which would look really out of place in a pure, nice paper like this. He bathed, his concave mug and sozzled and spattered and blew and bellowed till he got his nose to bleeding. Then he got wild and decorated that whole end of the car till it looked like the battle of Gettysburg. Finally peace was declared, and just as he left the field we drew in to St. Louis. Twenty exasperated men unkempt and unwashed, went out of the car and slunk away to find a hotel. I was one of them. But I could not slink away until I found my overcoat. They were gone! I reached under my seat and burned myself on the heat pipes, almost burst my head open trying to look under the other seats, and then the porter said that "De pusy gentleman in number eleven, sah, took

those obah shoes, I reckon. He looked kind of doubtful when he lit out, like he expected he be shot befo' he got home."

"Well, which way did he go?" I inquired.

"Well, sah, he went up toads do stoc, yads, sah, and when I saw him last he was wearin' the eye of a gentle old lady from Shakerag, Ill., on de end of his umbrella, sah."

I can imagine such a man in his home life. He plays the poor sick paper act when he gets home and eats up all the jam, and digs the tenderloin out of a steak, and the poor old thoughtful hen comes and contributes to poor sick papa her latest and best work. His poor, meek wife wishes that Heaven had made her a better assignment, and his children run and conceal themselves when he comes home.

When the excitement incident to the resurrection has died away, I shall be surprised if the patient, sad-eyed, wife, and the scared children on the parlor floor of heaven, do not receive a note by messenger boy from "Poor, sick Papa," asking them, if they can consistently do so, to use their influence toward getting the Celestial House Co., No. 1 to play for a few hours in the overheated apartments of "Poor Sick Papa."

Discovered.

It is so easy to say, "Never give up the ship." It is so easy to hold your head up and step firmly, to laugh cheerily and have a pleasant word for everybody, when safely hedged in from sorrow and poverty by the love of friends and a bottomless purse. When sickness passes by to knock at some other door, when home is the one "sweet safe corner" in all the world, when there are those who would suffer that you might go free—ah! then it is easy to feel as if nothing could ever make you quite discouraged. This is a beautiful world, and there are lots of good things in it. Yes, many a son and daughter, a few wives and mothers, and about the same proportion of husbands and fathers, do live more in the shine than in the shadow of life. But there are so many, so many more, who have to buck on their armor and spend their best heart's blood in the daily life. Such bitter trials as men and women do live through! Who can doubt that heaven sends them their fortitude? It cannot be of earth. Such making of heart and brain as hearts and brains do still bear up under! Is it any wonder that weary hands sometimes fall depondingly, and weary heads bow discouraged? Oh, ye whose faith are in the pleasant places, whose faith was never tried by heaven's seeming disregard of your prayers and tears, who never knew the lack of tender home love and protection, exult in your happiness, and thank Providence. But while you drink from your cup of life such honey-sweet draughts give a thought now and then to those whose daily portions savor so strongly of wormwood, and remember that a kindly word and a helping hand, which cost so little, may make lighter the burden of some one now almost discouraged.—Ex.

When John Took to Washing.

There are no laundrymen in China. No linen is worn there. The rich use silk and woolen undergarments, and the poor wear woolen or cotton. As starching and ironing are unknown, the female servants do all the laundry work. The reason of the great number of laundrymen here is that when the Union Pacific railroad threw hundreds of Chinamen out of employment they cast about for something to do, and there was a great demand for washerwomen, and a scant supply of them in the West, the Mongolian turned his attention to her trade. He learned it so quickly and so well that he stuck to it, and made so much money that the calling soon became popular. Gradually the laundrymen came East, and no city, and now few villages of any size in the whole country are without a Chinese "laundry."

A Great Genius.

A young lady went into the office of a literary magazine. "I have a pretty story," she said to the editor. "It is striking and strictly original."

"Leave it," the editor groaned. "Let me read it to you."

"Not if you value your life!" the editor exclaimed.

"I said that I must go home to my wife."

"Well, let me tell you a part of the story. A young girl is working in a hat factory. One day she stitches her name in the hat."

"Afterward meets the fellow who buys the hat and marries him!" the editor exclaimed.

"Oh, no. That night the factory catches fire and is burned up."

"What! Does no one rescue the hat and marry the girl?"

"No, your fortune is made. We want everything you write. You have done a great work for American literature."

Advice to a Young Author.

Young Authors—"Doctor, if I can't get relief from writer's cramp, I shall have to give up my literary work. I have come to you for advice."

Doctor (who has read some of his literary work)—"My young friend, quit writing entirely, and relief, not only instantaneous, but widespread, will follow."

A Canlid Maiden.

A social gathering at an Austin avenue Hostetter McGinnis, who is a great wag, said to Miss Esmerelda Longfellow.

"You would not believe, Miss Esmerelda, what conquests I have made among the fair sex. You would not believe it."

"I don't," replied Miss Esmerelda.

Tough-looking citizen—I don't believe in working on Sunday.

Friend—That ain't the way you used to talk.

No; but I've got a position now under the government.

Where He Had Gone To.

"By the way, where is Jones now?" asked Briggs. "I haven't heard of him for a long time."

"He has gone to the spirit land," replied Quincy.

"What is he?"

"I didn't say he was dead. He moved to Kentucky."—The Idea.

Compressed Paper Wheels.

It is stated that the iron wheels on the coaches and tenders of locomotives will soon give way to the compressed paper wheel. Engineer John Campbell of the Union Pacific has operated engine No. 555, the tender of which is equipped with compressed paper wheels, eighteen months, during which time he has averaged 4,500 miles a month, or making the total distance traveled 81,000 miles. The wheels are but slightly impaired by the service, lying a true convex, they have been turned down, which, it is said, fits them for the same amount of service again, and also that they will withstand a repetition of the "turning down" process, which gives them triple service and durability. In other words, the compressed paper wheel will stand 243,000 miles of travel. The limited guarantee of an iron wheel is 60,000 miles. The iron wheel costs \$12 and the compressed paper wheel \$85. Nearly all the new coaches of the Union Pacific are being equipped with compressed paper wheels, the tire being steel and the boxing iron.

A Veritable "She."

Miss Annie Stidham of Baltimore, Md., scarcely 16, has developed into a wonderful spiritualistic medium. She lives with her parents at No. 1223 North Carey street. Three years ago she began to go into trances, which have continued at intervals ever since. The most remarkable thing about the trances is that in each one she assumes the features of her grandmother, who entered a trance her own cheeks are replaced by a pinched and haggard appearance, and her voice changes to that of an old woman. While in this condition she converses freely with those about her. Her strength is something wonderful. In the presence of a reporter she successfully resisted the united efforts of three strong men to pull her out of a chair. Physicians and physiologists are deeply interested in her case.

A Philadelphia Case.

A Philadelphia judge has just rendered a decision which is interesting to all persons who ride in street cars. A passenger tendered a \$3 bill in payment of his fare. The conductor could not change it, and after an altercation put the passenger off the car. The passenger brought suit for assault and battery against the conductor. In his charge to the jury the judge said: "When a passenger gets on a street car it is his duty to pay his 5 cents fare, and if he can not pay it, it is his duty to get off, and if he does not get off the conductor has the right to use as much force as is necessary to put him off. Any man who has a \$3 bill, if the conductor would not change it, and after an altercation put the passenger off the car, for the balance of his life without paying fare." Under these instructions the jury acquitted the conductor.

Where was Jonah.

Young Artist (displaying a picture)—"This picture is entitled 'Jonah and the Whale.'"

Possible Purchaser—"But where is Jonah?"

"You notice the rather distended appearance of the whale midway between the tail and the neck?"

Young Artist—"That's Jonah."

"I have been afflicted with an affection of the Throat from childhood, caused by diphtheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to Brown's Bronchial Troches."—Rev. G. M. F. Hampton, Piquette, Ky. Sold only in boxes.

The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute; in childhood 90; at sixty years, 60. The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

Tetter.—A member of the Pioneer Press staff, troubled for eleven years with obstinate Tetter on his hands, has completely cured it in less than a month, by the use of Cole's Carbolic Acid—Pioneer Press, St. Paul.

The average number of teeth is thirty two.

For Eczema, Marasmus, and all Wasting Diseases of Infancy.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with hypophosphites, is unequalled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is wonderful. I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing. In every case the improvement was marked."—J. M. Main, M.D., New York. Sold by Druggists.

A New York Chinaman has started a night school, to teach his countrymen English.

A Modest, Sensitive Woman

often shrinks from consulting a physician about functional derangement, and prefers to suffer in silence. This may be a mistaken feeling, but it is one which is largely prevalent. To all such women we would say that one of the most skillful physicians of the day, who has had a vast experience in curing diseases peculiar to women, has prepared a remedy which is of estimable value to them. We refer to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the only remedy for women's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle wrapper.

Oliver Wendell Holmes' haunts are the Boston book stores and large publishing houses.

With groans and sighs, and dived eyes. He seeks the couch and down he lies. Nausea and faintness in him rise. Brown-racking pains assail him.

Sick headache! Bore long comes ease. His stomach settles into peace. Within his head the throbbings cease—Pierce's Peppets never fail him!

Nor will they fail anyone in such a dire predicament. To the dyspeptic, the bilious, the constipated, they are alike "a friend in need and a friend indeed."

The English and American visitors are leaving home because of the threatened restriction of the late Rio's.

Don't hawk, hawk. Now, spit, and disgust every body with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

A Pekin newspaper has just finished a serial story having 2,000 chapters.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The present population of Japan by official returns is given at over 35,000,000.

Beware of Quackery for Catarrh that Contains Mercury.

as Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do are ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine, it is taken internally and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by all druggists, price 75c per bottle.

A famous Washington gambler, it is said, will soon go to preaching. He would have begun it ten years ago, but he has only just now found a cure for his cough. It is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

"Behold! the world rests and her tired inhabitants have paused from trouble and turmoil, because the customary headache and neuralgia have been cured by Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents a bottle.

The brain of a man exceeds twice that of any other animal.

Dakota's Boom.

Dakota is now engaging public attention through her efforts to achieve statehood, as well as by her phenomenal growth and the rapid development of her wonderful agricultural resources, and the advantages she offers to home-seekers and persons desiring safe and profitable investments. A new pamphlet containing recent letters citing the actual experience of reliable residents, and other valuable information relating to Dakota, will be mailed free upon request by E. P. Wilson, No. 23 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send their names and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 121 Pearl St., N. Y.

One hundred and seventy-five million hoies or cells are in the lungs, which would cover a surface thirty times greater than the human body.

Card of Thanks.

If the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam should publish a card of thanks, containing expressions of gratitude which come to him daily from those who have been cured of severe throat and lung troubles by the use of Kemp's Balsam, it would fill a fair-sized book. How much better to invite all to call on my druggist and get a free sample bottle than you may test for yourself its power. Large bottles 50c and \$1.00.

The average height of an Englishman is five feet nine inches; of a Frenchman, five feet four inches; of a Belgian, five feet six and three-quarter inches.

Rheumatism
LUMBAGO—BACKACHE
HEADACHE—TOOTHACHE
GOUT—RHEUMATISM
FROSTBITES—SPRAINS
PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY
CURED BY
St. Jacobs Oil
Baltimore, The Chas. A. Vogel Co.

Diamond Vera-Cura

ALL SORE THROATS, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, AND ALL OTHER THROAT AFFECTIONS, CURED BY DIAMOND VERA-CURA. It is a powerful and reliable remedy for all the above named ailments, and is sold by all druggists. Price 25c per bottle.

THE CHAS. A. VOGEL CO., Baltimore, Md.

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